

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### ANOTHER TRAGEDY LOOMS

"What is the matter, Alice?"

My little nurse's face was drawn and white and her tired eyes told me she had not slept all night.

"Nothing, dear Mrs. Waverly."

"Of course, my dear, if it is something you do not care to tell me, all right, but if it is something that I might possibly help, tell me. For you know that my greatest job just at present is in trying to help others, and there is so little I can do."

Alice burst into tears. "It is about that picture."

I looked the mystification I felt. "What picture? Is it one you gave to Harvey?"

"No, dear Mrs. Waverly. I know Harvey will never make any trouble for me. Harvey was not a bad boy. If his parents had left him alone I probably would be living in that pretty little apartment today as his wife."

"And are you sorry?"

"Oh, Mrs. Waverly. Why, I'd suffer all the agony, all the disgrace a hundred times over to be Pat's wife, but it does seem to me as though I might forget it all now and just be happy—and I could if it were not for that picture."

"What picture, child?" I asked, while thoughts of compromising photographs went through my mind.

"Why the picture of me that the police took for the rogues' gallery."

I caught my breath. I had forgotten all about that, and the thought of Alice's sweet face among those criminals gave me a terrible shock.

"Did Pat mention it?"

"I don't think he realized it was there. That the face of every convicted 'criminal' must be there. Oh, Mrs. Waverly, I could have gone to the death chair more easily than I faced that camera. It was almost worse than facing that morbid curiosity seeking crowd in court."

"You did not say anything to Pat about it?"

"No, after I had finished telling him the details of your story and reached the courtroom scene he would not let me talk any more. He said he had heard enough and that I was not to live through that torture any more."

"And truly, Mrs. Waverly, I was so bruised and hurt and ashamed that I just could only creep into his great strong arms and be comforted."

"But when I got away from him I thought of that awful picture and it just seemed as though I must give him up."

"What man would want a wife whose picture is in the rogues' gallery? Dear Mrs. Waverly, please, tell me what to do?"

I reached for the telephone, gave the number of the central police station and asked for Tim, Annie's husband.

"The captain is busy, lady, ye can't see him just at present," said a gruff voice.

"When he is at liberty will you tell him to call up Mrs. Waverly?"

Capt. Tim could not have been very busy, for I had hardly put up the phone when it rang and Tim's rich Irish voice came to me.

"They tell me you want me, Miss Margaret. What can I do for you?"

"I wish you would come up here as soon as possible. I want your advice on something I know you know all about."

"I hope no one has been stealing anything from you, Miss Margaret."

"The only thing I expect to be stolen from me, Tim, is my little god-daughter, Margaret Ann, who is sure to tempt some 'broth' as a bhoy' within the next ten years."

"Show him to me and it's Captain Tim Lafferty that will have the entire police force after him," said Tim with a big laugh. "I'll be right up. I've been wanting an excuse to come and see you these many months."